

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

W. M. Smith



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A

THANKSGIVING SERMON,

PREACHED AT THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, MANTUA,

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BY

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PASTOR.

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S E R M O N.

“When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule the people mourn.”—PROVERBS 29 : 2.

APPROPRIATELY do the Thanksgiving proclamations of successive years call on us to thank God for the abundance of the harvest. It seems fitting that in this autumnal Sabbath of the year, when shrub, and sheaf, and vine are choristers proclaiming the beneficence of God, we should yield to the tranquil influence, and lift our thoughts to Him who pours the plenitude and bounty of the season. When the Great Teacher wished to convey the deepest truths to His disciples He led them into solitary places, among the hills, or into the rustling wheat-fields, or amid the cool ravines where the brook Kedron ran singing to the sea. Hence it were never amiss if, on these occasions, forgetting man and his mistakes, we turned our thoughts exclusively to Him whose bounty, reflected in the four-fold year, culminates in its last and richest cycle—in purple grapes and yellow corn; in harvest moons and happy homesteads; and all the blithesome imagery connected with the rich and jocund autumn.

But while we are grateful for these things to-day, and join in the acclamations of a united people shouting their gratitude, from Maine to the Carolinas, and from Sea to Sea, we are led in the Providence of God to meditate a question that is thrust upon the mind of every American citizen—the question of Political Reform. The proclamation calls on us as citizens to thank God for “that *government* which is the creation of the people, and subject to their behest.” Again we have passed through the Olympian contest of a quadrennial election, forty millions of people exercising their rights of suffrage, and lifting into the Chair at Washington the President of 1872. There is sublimity in the spectacle. The preliminary agitation has come and gone. The fires of faction blown to a furnace-heat by the press, and the public meeting, cooled suddenly over all the land after the electoral procession had put itself in motion, and, armed but with those small bits of white paper, dropped them quietly into the ballot-box—

“Soft and still,
As snowflakes fall upon the sod,
Yet swift to do a freeman’s will,
As lightning does the will of God.”

And as the sun went down, and the telegraph proclaimed the result in every city and village of the land, the silent acquiescence of the vanquished to the will of the majority told out to all the world how

possible is the alliance of liberty and law ; of personal freedom, with submission to authority and order.

Yet there are questions started here which it were wise to ponder. Political events are happening which, from their swiftness, their suddenness, and their magnitude, compel us to give heed. Even those who had taken but a languid interest in political affairs, are being forced by events to study with fresh ardor the current history of the hour. Unusual questions concerning government are beginning to occupy men's minds. No questions are more difficult. History itself is chiefly "a record of the failures of government." The earth is one vast grave of cultures, polities, and institutions. Just now one problem looms before us all, demanding a wise and prompt solution, that viz., of Civil Service Reform. It involves, indeed, the further question whether the ship of state is to pass into the open sea, or go in among the breakers. I am moved then to discuss to-day a question in which we all have a peculiar and personal interest.

From the battle of Pydna, two centuries before our era, the Roman Republic dated its decline. The hour that set the keystone of her empire in the conquest of Macedonia, and the subsequent overthrow of Greece and Carthage, fixed also the beginning of her fall. On the wealth thus suddenly acquired, a new aristocracy arose, of crudest tastes and plebeian instincts, pandering to the coarsest appetite, and

flowering in the rankest forms of social luxury. The age of the Catos had passed away. "Plain living and high thinking" were no more. This new aristocracy, pampered with success, gave all its mind and energy to riches. The Roman satirist of a later day put it into the mouth of the average citizen: "Get riches; honorably if you can, but in any event get riches." Ransacking the treasuries of Ormus and of Ind, they held the gorgeous Orient in fee. But with the riches of the East they absorbed its vices. Political preferment was only a stepping-stone to wealth, and wealth was sought for personal indulgence. So all the offices of State became the prize of plunderers. They plundered one another. They flattered, and then fleeced the people. At last they clutched each other's throats, and would have wrecked society but for the iron hand of Cæsar and the Empire. So the Republic rotted into its grave, and the Empire rose upon its tomb.

More swift than that of Rome has been our growth and power. Since severing from England a century ago, we have increased our territory threefold. Running through every soil and climate of the earth, from the St. John's to the Rio Grande; from the embracing clasp of the Atlantic to the unbroken seaboard of the West; our territory spans an area to-day greater than the old Roman circuit of two thousand by three thousand miles that belted the Mediterranean. Our population has swelled from

three millions to forty millions of a free people. In resources, we have leaped from poverty to a millennium of thrift and comfort. The Roman conquests in the East brought in a tide of wealth that turned the brain of the "many-headed multitude." We have outstripped the Roman progress. They say that if you stand upon the prairie some fine night of the later summer, you can hear the corn grow, so swift are nature's operations there. Like that has been the sudden growth of our resources under the keen and eager climate of our century. You can hear these fortunes growing almost in a single night. The very air is sifted with the golden haze of material speculation. We know nothing of poverty as the Old World knows it, and as history records it. The skeleton face of Famine has never looked into our homesteads, or peered among our sheaves of plenty. An English monarch hoped the time might come "when every peasant in the kingdom might have a chicken in his pot on Sunday." We have no peasantry in the strict sense. Our farmers own the land they cultivate. Our traffickers are the honorable of the earth. Our artisans ask no odds of fortune. Our very laborers demand of capital wages that will give them the "sweep of the market." Ever since the gateways of the Continent were thrown open three hundred years ago, our soil has been the El Dorado of the working man. There is no nation in the world so rich as ours. England may have

more centres of drifted and concentrated wealth ; but she has far less than we of a diffused capital, permeating its masses and its millions with a consciousness of thrift and competency.

And as the tide of wealth rolls on to higher levels year by year, there is induced a greed of gain surpassing that of any nation on the earth. Nowhere will money go so far to make a man conspicuous. It measures all things. The spirit of the age enhances this. It is the century of inventions. Over the broad spaces of our land we are building, from Sea to Mountain, the palace of material industry ; filled from basement up to roof with the music of free labor. The rapid whirl and rush of all things is to an intense materialism. The territorial sweep of our empire, carrying all climates and all productions on its surface ; the wheat-fields of the central regions, and the ocean prairies of the West ; plantations, vineyards, rice-grounds, and cotton fields ; capacious harbors, and rivers that move perennial to the sea,—all these have stimulated in one direction the national mind and enterprise. And so the only aristocracy we have is the aristocracy of wealth.

“By gross Utilities enslaved, we need
More of ennobling impulse from the past.”

With no historic shadows to calm and tone us down, we are all in the whirl of a new and formative civilization. The aristocracy of birth, and taste, and

talent, is of small account alongside of the social influence that wealth brings in its train. So "the learned pate ducks to the golden fool;" and a man's possessions of head and heart are of less account than what he carries in his wallet. Our talk is mainly of trade and finance; of banks, and bullion, and bonds; of canals, and railroads; of grains, and grasses, and soils; of mills, and machinery, and fabrics.

Of course we must not exaggerate. Much of this lies in the natural and necessary course of things. We have a broad Continent to reclaim; forests to fell, and rivers to bridge, and mountains to tunnel, and mines to open. All this is the raw work our century has to do. From this material we are to fashion the armor, the clothing, the furniture of civilization; to subdue and round our hemisphere, and fit it up to be the spacious and beautiful abode of a free, and virtuous, and happy people. Though we have spanned the continent with a ring of iron, the smoke of the Indian wigwam, blown westward by the breath of civilization, still curls amid the prairie, and the wild buffalo yet roams his ancient pasture-lands.

We are in the heart, then, of the great movement that is precipitating Europe and Asia upon our shores from either side, and pouring along our iron tramways the tides of a tremendous immigration.

And not alone in the cities is the pulse of this progression felt; it throbs in the rural districts. The ancient stock of farmers, it is said, are dying out.

The old, ancestral, hereditary love of the soil; the hearthstone, and the local church and parish, around which thought, and sentiment, and patriotism clustered and ripened in the early days, is fast becoming a tradition of the past. The love of money, its portable exchange and quick returns, has driven the sons of farmers into the commercial cities, leaving behind them generally an inferior class of men, who have no hereditary sentiment, no local attachment to the soil, and neighborhood, and parish church, such as their fathers had. And so the local pride, and feeling, and tradition; the landscape, the library, the family circle, the

“Chapels lurking among trees,
Where a few villagers on bended knees
Find solace which a busy world disdains;”

all that once nourished the finer feeling and the impalpable spirit of religion and of patriotism, is passing from the current talk and tradition of the land.

“Far back in ages,
The plough with wreaths was crowned,
The hands of kings and sages
Entwined the chaplets round.
Till men of spoil
Disdained the toil
By which the world was nourished,
And pelf and pillage were the soil
In which their laurels flourished.”

And is this the outcome of it all? That grand Colonial era—those centuries of Quaker faith and Puritan zeal—was it only to rear a continental workshop filled with material industry, “fops melted with baths and perfumes” and men grimy with toil? No, it was something better the Founders toiled for, when they laid in their “elevated and holy and resolved frame” the foundations of our greatness.

“Leave to the soft Campanian
 His baths and his perfumes;
 Leave to the sordid race of Tyre
 Their dyeing-vats and looms;
 Leave to the sons of Carthage
 The rudder and the oar;
 Leave to the Greek his marble nymphs,
 And scrolls of wordy lore;”—

but be it ours to fill with a purer civilization, a more intellectual and Christian industry, this social structure which we see around us.

For the truth is, we might be worse off than we are. “Knowledge comes if wisdom lingers.” Our system of common schools is the best in the world. We have a spontaneous and diffused culture which is better than the patronage of States; and though our colleges have not yet rivalled the European university—the *universitas doctorum et studiorum*; they are fast aspiring to that level. And besides all this—our arts, and scholarships, and social culture—we have

what outweighs all the rest, a free Church in a free State; good preaching for the masses; a strong, aggressive Christian sentiment, and princely charities maintained on the voluntary principle by the free gifts of the people. Here is the secret of our strength; here is the hiding of our power.

What, then, is our great need just now? Strange as it may sound, I answer, a better civil government. This matter has been overlooked. With our hands full of material enterprise, we have neglected, in our struggle for the Continent, political science and political duty. In this land of the almighty dollar, where "the sin of not being rich is only atoned for by the effort to become so," every man has been looking out for number one. We have cared for the Family, we have cared for the Church; but we have overlooked the State. The men who might discourse in public debate and preside in public meetings, are preoccupied with the "chink of coin, the whir of spindles, and the dust of trade." In the fierce rivalry of political competition, with every man eligible to office, and with trade absorbing the keenest energies and best minds of every generation, good men have been too busy to keep bad men out of office. The consequence has been that politics takes up with small men, who have no business capacity or work of their own to do, and who become popular with certain classes because having no particular opinions of their own. These are the men into whose hands

political power has drifted by default. So bad men nominate bad men for office, and good men vote and pay their money to get them elected. Gold shaped the verdicts of our juries, the appointments of our rulers, and the enactments of our legislators. Thus public life had become synonymous with knavery.

Our best men have avoided politics as something they could not touch without being defiled. Bank-notes have been displayed in halls of legislation with the shrewd remark: "That is the logic for legislators." We say that in this free land the masses govern. Not so. The masses vote: a few men govern. Did you ever see in the coffee-shops at Naples a figure grinding in the window? He seems to turn the wheel, but in reality the wheel turns him. So with our government by the masses. They seem to govern, while politicians turn the wheel. Behind the convention stands the caucus, and behind the caucus is the clique, made up most likely of bankrupts, adventurers, and sharpers. So good men will not meddle with the thing, and politics becomes a "strategy," elections go by bribery, and financial engineering wins the day.

"To the victors belong the spoils;" *i. e.*, one party loses pelf and power, and the other party snatches them. We have seen this carried in our own and a sister city to the pitch and summit of audacity. Our municipalities have been a scene of shameless wholesale robbery. When the New York robbers rifled

the community and “turned its pockets inside out,” they turned round coolly and inquired, “What are you going to do about it?” For a time amazement paralyzed the city. But for a moment only. A quick reaction dashed with iron hand the scoundrels from their seats, and now the echoes of reform are ringing through the land. We hear the thunder that announces the uprising of the nation, and that is destined to sweep crystal clear the air in which men think and breathe upon this continent. We have done with the rule of expediencies. The path of political justice is a straight line henceforth, not to be traversed by the sinuous politicians who leave their zigzag trail on party platforms, and “wriggle through every kennel” of expediency.

The track of God’s thunderbolt is a straight line *from justice to iniquity*—

—— “Straight forward goes
The lightning’s path. Direct it flies, and rapid,
Shattering that it *may* reach, and shattering what it reaches.”

God’s trump is blown against iniquity, and it is only a question of time. It is being decided in our day that liberty does not mean mutiny; that freedom does not imply the destruction of government. We need to emphasize this feature. I mean the supremacy of *Law*—that Law which is written in the statute-book, and in the Statute-Book of *Heaven*. We need to have the people learn that political free-

dom is only possible where justice is in the seat of authority; where “the unwise are directed by the wise, and those who are intrusted with power use it for the common good.” To this end we must develop everywhere a sense of the *sacredness* of government, and teach the people to look religiously and with a reverent eye upon the civil ordinances. This cannot be so long as government is looked upon as some imaginary social contract; the mere expression of the will, the actual and present will of a majority. No majority ever made it, or can make it. Its origin is the bosom of God—its “voice the harmony of the universe.” It is the absolute justice of the State, enlightened by the perfect reason of the State. It is the birth of no one epoch. It is the gift and aggregate of the best experience of the ages—widening, deepening, washing itself clear, and pouring its imperial treasures like golden sands at the feet of new generations! This lifts the idea of government into a sacredness far above the whim or madness of the hour. Nothing so high as to be above its power; nothing so low as to be beneath its care. In a sense above, superior to the wisdom and the will of any age and people, there is something impalpable, and pre-existent, and authoritative about it that should excite a filial affection and a filial awe. Let it be graven deep into the heart of the people, that they may learn to reverence, obey, and enforce it.

To this end let the coming generation be instructed,

as never before, that the structure of the State—the genius of the constitution and the law—is worthy their study and their care. We need to educate in this direction the public thought and conscience. The common people need educating in political justice. They must be made to see that the frauds and corruption of a “ring” government not only bear oppressively upon the rich, but on the poor as well. The millions filched from the public treasury are not only mortgaging the property of holders of real estate, but the very bread of the poorest man who handles a hod or wields a spade. We are to show that the evils of exorbitant taxation come not only to the doors of taxpayers, technically so called, but to the interests of all citizens alike. We want to indicate the bearing of bribery and corruption on work and wages, house-rent and groceries. The humblest citizen must be convinced that these city bandits are stealing his children’s bread, and that municipal reform means “cheaper rents, and better dwellings; more meat, warmer fires, purer air, healthier families, and longer lives.”

And not only the expediency, but the morality of all this must be set forth. The old thinkers used to teach that sins against the State—a board, a corporation, a department—were magnified a hundred fold by their very relation to the State. This teaching needs to be revived. The rising generation must be carefully instructed that the State is far more sacred

than any individual; and that to rob a department is worse than to rob a widow or an orphan, as bringing disaster to the millions of widows or orphans of whom that government is the strength and shield. Strike down the government, and you strike down the guardian of the commonwealth. You introduce a contagion that ends in death.

This then is the one question of our day that looks all others out of countenance—the question of municipal reform. Our cities need to be better governed than they are. They need enfranchising. No political interest or party, whether in State or Nation, should meddle with the affairs of the city. Our towns should be independent of outside patronage or party. The government of municipalities, like Philadelphia or New York, should not be controlled at Harrisburg and Albany. New York has swept her own streets lately, and resumes her place among the decent cities of the land. Her bad men are at last in bad repute. An angered public sentiment has dashed them on the rocks, and there is small chance of their ever grasping the helm, or even getting into port again. We are entering on an era of transition. The Convention now in session is handling the question of municipal reform. None could be more vital. The strong stock of our political freedom struck root in the municipalities. Here, and not in the counties, was its original and better life. The history of liberty the world over is associated with the freedom of the

towns. So in the old Roman and Saxon eras. So in the history of the German liberties. All through the middle ages, the Hanseatic League of cities kept the last spark of liberty from being trodden out under the heel of feudalism.

In the early days of New England each independent town and city was a kind of miniature republic. The best men were thus known and chosen. Ruffians were not appointed to keep the peace, nor sharpers to collect the taxes, and thus the nation came to be vital and indestructible in every part. In these municipalities were sown the stars of empire and the germs of freedom. Of course they are not the State; they do not wield the higher powers of government — “the mace of legislation” or “the scales of justice,” the purse or the sword of the commonwealth. Still, everywhere we find (as in New England) the purest and stanchest political freedom where the municipal system has been most perfectly organized.

For so only can the people *know* the men they are called upon to place in power. Our first and pressing need is *men* for government, able men, not tools. “I have two millions in my coffers,” said Napoleon, “and I would give them all for Ney.” The great need of government to-day is the attraction of able men to the public service. It is not the machinery of government that will save a nation; not even free schools, cheap books, and an enlightened public opinion. India has had schools for fifteen hundred

years. Spain has had for three centuries her free municipalities. De Tocqueville tells us that before the Revolution, public opinion was as enlightened in France as it is to-day. But none of these things have regenerated India, and Spain, and France. What they needed was men; live men of quick and flexible minds, accessible to the ideas that were floating in their time, and that could look responsibility in the face. What American citizens need is the opening of their own eyes to the intelligent, and thoughtful, and determined consideration of the great problem of Government. Good men must rouse them from their apathy. Every American must be put on guard. The private interest of the citizen must give way to the interest of the city. We must use the tools that are to shape our destiny. Charters must be framed or modified. The right men must be placed in power. Good men must regulate the caucus, and secure the nominations there. They must stand at the polls, and make a business of it, and see that no bribery or persuasion turns the day. Then they must watch the canvassers, and secure an accurate counting of the votes. And finally, they must follow up their agents, and insist on their discharging faithfully the duties they have sworn to do. All this is asking much, but it is worth the cost. It is far better than to be plucked and plundered, and then scorned. So only can we get our money's worth of honest government, and make our institutions, in

fact as in theory, our pride. Bad men must be put aside. The army of incompetents and office-seekers must be routed. There must be an end to putting men in office for the mere sake of keeping them employed. The principle on which patronage has been dispensed by modern governments on certain restless and officious men reminds me of an English fable. "There was a boar who rooted up his master's pastures. The farmer resolved to put a stop to this by putting a ring in the nose of the boar. This was soon done; and though the animal made a great noise about the operation, it was not more painful than putting ear-rings into a girl's ears—a common practice in nations not supposed to be barbarous.

"The boar was very proud of his nose-ring, and told the other denizens of the farmyard that he was the only animal among them worthy of being thus decorated.

"When, however, the boar was driven into the open pastures, he found that he was unable to get at the sweet roots, and must content himself with what he found on the surface.

"Now swine are very clever creatures, and the boar said to himself, 'I see why they gave me this odious nose-ring. It was not for honor, but to prevent me from rooting in the fields so much.'

"Therein he was wiser than many men who do not perceive that honors are conferred upon them to prevent them from continuing to be as troublesome and

mischievous as they have hitherto proved themselves to be."

All this, however, is a detriment and disgrace to government. The object ought to be not to keep these troublesome agitators employed, but to secure the ablest and best men for the service.

How then shall these men be found? This is the one question of the hour—the question of Political Reform. No Christian nation needs it so much as we do. Our civil service is probably the most corrupt on earth. Every four years we fight at the elections on the principle, that "to the victors belong the spoils;" and the victors are "bummers;" and the contest is a rout; and offices are asked for men, not men for offices; and the "public service" becomes the "public crib."

This system must be eradicated root and branch. We must leave off our mad pursuit of riches and care more for the State, and invoke the help of the best men the country over, no matter what their political following may be, so that they are with us in this work of casting out devils. The hour is struck. The opportunity is upon us. We cannot be too quick to move. The aloe blooms but once in a century.

We must begin now to lay foundations as did the original builders of the State. This brings us to a question already mooted by Congress and the Press, and fairly before the country—the question of Civil Service Reform. Two years ago the idea took shape

in England. The plan is simply to find the best men for the public service by a system of competitive examination. The Chinese government has for ages stood upon this principle of choosing their ablest men for official employment. In Prussia, young men are schooled in the universities, and only enter the civil service on sustaining a rigid examination. In Britain this has always been the case with those who were candidates for government patronage in India, and recently, by order of the Queen, the whole civil service of Great Britain has been thrown open to competition as unlimited as that by which the Indian offices are filled. This strips away all adventitious advantage. Men enter the arena on equal terms. No family or party influence can foist a dull man into a department. It is intellectual "pace" that wins.

This plan insures two things; a better class of talent, and a better style of training.

It discovers talent. It throws the public service open to unlimited competition. It invites all grades of intellect and culture in the State. It draws from the millions of male adults throughout the land, instead of from a few thousands of political partisans who chance to be in power. Thus it subsidizes a larger area of mind. It enlists all classes alike in the support of government. It gives them interest in a subject which before they had never thought to study, still less attempted to mould.

And so, as it discovers talent, it develops culture too. The plan of competitive examination allures naturally the best youth in the country; those who have received a high class education, first at the upper school, then at the college and the university. It brings into the service those who have the fine tact of acquiring knowledge which comes of hereditary culture; while it implies, with rare exceptions, the virtues inherent in such a course of study; industry, and perseverance, and temperance, and self-control.

And so, while the examination system, sifting the pure diamonds from the dross, would immeasurably exalt the public service, enriching it with men of high attainments and high aims, it would give a new and powerful impulsion to the higher education all over the land.

Also it would simplify and adjust the methods of political preferment. Promotion will come naturally in the train of fidelity and competency. Instead of a "quadrennial change of help," bringing in every four years thousands of incompetent officials, there would be a legitimate promotion of the tried and competent. We must open to men the inducement of a life-long service. "No service of the State will be conducted well if you cut off the sources of hope." The appointing power might be safely left in most cases to the heads of departments. An experienced official was once heard to say: "All would go well in the way of choice if only each man were allowed

to choose his own immediate inferior." There would be no fear of "jobbery" in this. The best men in power are most anxious to breed up competent successors. Of course this would diminish the frequency of subordinate *elections*. But it is this very frequency of elections, obliging the people to decide at the polls upon the fitness of a great number of candidates of whom they can know nothing but their names, that lies at the root of nearly all misgovernment in city and state. On such a plan the offices are given pretty much at random. Here is one danger of excess of suffrage. Partisans come into power. Especially in cities, how often is the quiet conscientious worker, who has no time for candidating, set aside for the noisy demagogue, who brings himself demonstratively before the public. "The danger to be apprehended," says Chancellor Kent, "in governments resting in all their parts on universal suffrage, is the spirit of faction, and the influence of active, ambitious, reckless, and unprincipled demagogues, combining, controlling, and abusing the popular voice for their own selfish purposes." So they have prevailed in certain States to make even the judiciary elective by direct vote of the people, and for brief terms. Our danger then is not so much in the line of executive appointment. Let us choose our best men, and then *trust* them.

Finally, to this end the *Church* must bear her testimony. The open intelligent eyes of our millions of

Christian people must be fixed on the abuses of our time. Only religion can quicken the public conscience, and form a basis of conviction on which legislation can act. The idea of right, nurtured and expanded by religion, is the basis and support of government. Only in the prayers of God's true people is lodged the power that can right the wrong of this great land. Is the Church ready for this great work? Is she prepared to lift her voice against this seething, rank corruption? Not till she stands forth as she never yet has done for purity of teaching and purity of life. Not till some thunder-burst of moral sentiment has swept the Church itself from end to end, and scourged out the dextrous cheats and unscrupulous defaulters from her own communion. So only can she denounce with an unsparing tongue each powerful and gilded wrong, and lay the golden reed of the sanctuary alongside of every twisted line of public policy. There is too much rose-water religion in the Church; too much of that relaxing sentiment which is making the community at large more and more tolerant of crime. Authority has given place to suasion, and discipline has relaxed her tone, and lures men in accents "musical as is Apollo's lute" along some primrose path of persuasion. Our grand old Calvinism has gone out of fashion with its doctrine of justice and decrees, stiffening with its iron strength the political and social fabric. Theology has degenerated into humanitarianism; emasculated doc-

trines have been taught respecting government—family government, civil government, divine government—until the entire body politic is threatened with “softening of the brain.”

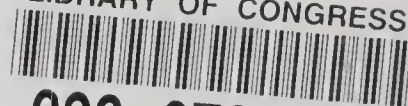
But the tide of sentiment we think is turning. We breathe in a freer air. And when from these Christian millions the prophetic prayer goes up, “Break Thou the arm of the wicked and the evil man, O Lord,” the fracture will come like “the rent of an earthquake.” This power is conferred upon God’s holy ones: “This honor have all His saints.”

On this we base the tenure of the Great Republic. Out of the religious impulse is woven the immortality of nations. Hope never spreads her “golden sails” but on “unfathomable seas.”

“Thou too sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

“In spite of rock and tempest’s roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o’er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!”

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